THE
# NATION

JANUARY 19, 1957 . . 25c

## BEHIND the CULTURE CURTAIN

*by Richard L. Coe*

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# LETTERS

## On J. Bronowski

[The publication of J. Bronowski's Science and Human Values in our December 29 issue has brought an extraordinary response from our readership. Some of the lengthier comment will be published in early issues; herewith a few brief letters.—The Editors.]

*Dear Sirs*: I read Science and Human Values, by J. Bronowski, with great interest, pleasure and frequent assent. I am grateful to *The Nation* for publishing the lectures as a whole.

ROBERT OPPENHEIMER
Director
The Institute for Advanced Study
*Princeton, N. J.*

*Dear Sirs*: Hearty thanks for the privilege of reading the article by Bronowski. I have thus far only been able to go about two-thirds of the way through this material, but that is enough to make me rise up and shout "three cheers."

KIRTLEY F. MATHER
Professor of Geology, Emeritus
Harvard University
*Cambridge, Mass.*

*Dear Sirs*: I am both grateful to *The Nation* and proud of its decision to publish the Bronowski article. It fell to my good fortune that I met Dr. Bronowski when he was in America a few years ago. Better luck still, I sat for a term in his seminar at M.I.T., where his lucidity and his depth of thought were observable life-size.

There is no one else so clear in his ideas of the humane worth of science as he. What he says, I believe, is what a great many earnest men and women of the laboratory and the field station would say, but cannot voice. I believe these ideas presage the humane opinion of the future, which will be the commonplace and yet precious agreed ground of all educated persons.

While Dr. Bronowski walked in the warm evening about the wreck of Nagasaki, I spent damp nights in the ashes of Hiroshima. We have fashioned from that autumn a common faith that not in isolation and in terror but in unity and growth will science remake our world.

PHILLIP MORRISON
*Cornell University*
*Ithaca, New York*

*Dear Sirs:* As a psychiatrist, I feel that Mr. Bronowski's attitude has tremendous value for millions of people all over the world, to non-professional groups as well as educational and professional groups. It should be made available to the U. N. and translated into many languages for use and study all over the world.

I. LEO FISHBEIN, M.D.
*Miami Beach, Fla.*

*Dear Sirs:* I am writing first of all to congratulate you for carrying the complete text of Bronowski's Science and Human Values in the December 29 issue. I have just finished reading it, and it is the kind of thinking and writing that makes me want to throw up my hat. Secondly, I want to ask whether you or someone else will issue Bronowski's work as a booklet. If so, I would like to order ten copies. If not, please send me ten copies of the December 29 issue.

HERBERT S. BAILEY, JR.
*Princeton, N. J.*

*Dear Sirs:* I, for one, am extremely grateful to *The Nation* for providing its readers with Mr. Bronowski's remarkable essays. I find them an abstracting and putting together in dynamic form of many insights heretofore scattered, plus not a few very much his own. To comment would be to underline almost every sentence, or to write fifty essays.

One such essay would expand his very right insistence on the likeness of all creative thought—artistic, scientific, etc.—and on its provenance in the senses. In fact, to follow one thread of the hardwove carpet he offers for our waftage, his whole treatment of creative men is masterly . . .

And not least cause for pleasure is the wit and geniality that inform Mr. Bronowski's writing, his variety of illustration and analogy. He writes like the great ideal of his admired period, *a whole man.*

KATHERINE HOSKINS
*Weston, Mass.*

*Dear Sirs:* I think you were fully justified in devoting practically an entire issue of *The Nation* to Dr. Bronowski's Science and Human Values. I hope you will find it possible to reissue the articles in pamphlet form. They deserve the widest possible circulation.

HALLEN M. BELL
*Birmingham, Mich.*

*Dear Sirs:* The Bronowski is wonderful, true and beautiful, and it's fine that *The Nation* has the flexibility to print it.

HERBERT GOLD
*New York City*

*Dear Sirs:* Permit me to compliment you for publishing the excellent article, Science and Human Values by J. Bronowski. I find it so stimulating that I am including it in my course study for a course in art appreciation.

LOUIS T. SAFER
Assistant Professor in Art
University of Minnesota
*Minneapolis, Minn.*

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**THE Nation Jan. 19, 1957, Vol. 184, No. 3**

**The Nation,** published weekly by The Nation Company and copyright 1957, in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, N. Y. Second class mail privileges authorized at New York, N. Y.

**Subscription Prices Domestic**—One year $7, Two years $12, Three years $17. Additional postage per year, Foreign and Canadian $1.

**Change of Address:** Three weeks' notice is required for change of address, which cannot be made without the old address as well as the new.

**Information to Libraries: The Nation** is indexed in Readers Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Index to Labor Articles, Public Affairs, Information Service, Dramatic Index.



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*NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 19, 1957*
*VOLUME 184, NUMBER 3*

THE NATION

# EDITORIALS

## The Ultimate Resolution

At Suez, the Tories were cautious enough to stop when the going got really rough; on the home front, they are apparently not quite so adaptable. Had R. A. Butler, a moderate Conservative who did not subscribe warmly to the Suez adventure, been chosen to succeed Sir Anthony Eden as Prime Minister, one might have gathered that the Tories had learned something from the last few months. But with Harold Macmillan, the party is serving notice that it is sticking to its guns. Not that any other choice would have made much difference in the long run. It is one of the virtues of a *genuine* two-party system that sooner or later the electorate is given opportunity to pass upon issues rather than men. In this instance, the issue is clear enough, and so is the line drawn between the adversaries. The Labor Party opposed the Suez invasion; the Tories supported it. The matter is as simple as that, and the British voter, who as a result of Suez has less money, less gasoline and less of an Empire, is not likely to be comforted by the resignation of Mr. Eden. Sooner rather than later, they will demand the resignation of his party.

## The Diplomacy Nobody Wants

In view of the intensive week-long build-up it received, the Administration's Middle East Doctrine is disappointing and anticlimactic. It is purposely vague and uncertain. It assumes that the Russians would be inept enough to commit overt acts of aggression rather than use economic penetration and subversion to attain their objectives. It describes as a "vacuum" a region with more than 40,000,000 inhabitants. It offers to provide arms in a region in which an arms embargo should be a top priority. Undercutting the U. N., it threatens the use of American force in defense of the status quo in one of the most unstable regions of the world. It evades the real issues and ducks the great questions. In short, it is neither a doctrine, a program nor a policy. If it had to be characterized in a phrase, it might be termed a stand-by declaration of war.

All of this is bad enough, but to make matters worse there is about this new doctrine the same unmistakable air of midnight improvisation that there was about the Truman Doctrine. C. L. Sulzberger quotes in the New York *Times* the private comment of one of Dulles' closest advisers: "The Secretary had absolutely no policy in the Middle East prior to the Suez invasion." The information is superfluous. If we had a policy, the declaration would not have been forthcoming. The Army has a saying: "When you don't know what to do, do something"; the Navy's version is: "When in danger or in doubt, run around, scream and shout." But history has finally overtaken us; we cannot go on improvising forever.

In preparing the declaration, the Administration has ignored the experience of the last two months as well as the mistakes of the last ten years. In that brief period when Mr. Dulles was away from his desk because of illness and the President was forced to take over, new vistas opened for American policy. For a moment we acquired freedom for new and fresh initiatives; our prestige soared at the U. N. and in the uncommitted areas, which are the real prize in the current struggle for power. For once it seemed that we had hit upon a policy which gave promise of enhancing our prestige and thereby our capacity for effective leadership. What is now proposed, however, is a diplomacy nobody wants. With the possible exception of Rome, nearly every world capital, including Washington, has reported critical or adverse reaction: the French and British don't like it; nor do the Israelis nor the Arabs. It has evoked no cheers in New Delhi, Tokyo or Manila. It may be that Turkey and Iraq are favorably disposed, but the cheering is not loud; nor is Bonn enthusiastic.

Who wants this policy? Who requested it? It has not "electrified" the nation. What has electrified the country is Representative Wayne L. Hays's decision to walk out of a hearing of the House Foreign Affairs Committe because "there is entirely too much executive session around here," and Senator W. Kerr Scott's speech attacking Dulles as a "champion quick-change artist" and denouncing the new doctrine as "an undated declaration of war."

In Congress the reaction has been one of icy bipartisan reserve. The Administration has misjudged both the world's needs and its sentiments. There is no more reason to believe that the cold war will be re-

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sumed *in the form* in which it raged from 1947 to the Geneva summit conference than there is to believe that the Russians could, by the issuance of a Bulganin or Khrushchev "doctrine," completely reverse the consequences of "de-Stalinization." New factual situations call for new policies and it is apparent that the Administration has not thought through the implications of the present situation.

Noting the reactions, the President should make it clear that the Administration welcomes the most thoroughgoing public discussion of the new doctrine in and out of Congress. Mr. Dulles has suggested that the failure of Congress to approve it quickly might encourage Russia to undertake acts of aggression in the Middle East. This is political blackmail. It is also nonsense. So far as direct armed aggression is concerned, Washington has already issued four public warnings. Failure promptly to approve the Administration Doctrine will not encourage Russian aggression; it might, however, discourage "crash" diplomacy or diplomacy-by-improvisation.

The way to avoid partisan debates which might in fact embarrass those charged with the conduct of foreign affairs is to encourage debate on issues, policies and programs before they are proclaimed to the world. Free debate in the formative phases of policy-making is the best means of avoiding acrid post-mortem sessions in which one party accuses the other of having "lost" China or "encouraged" Japanese aggression in the Far East. Some weeks back *The Nation* pointed out that for the first time since the inception of the cold war it seemed likely that a free and candid debate on foreign policy might take place. If the new doctrine was aimed at shutting off discussion, it has failed. As things stand, Congress will doubtless approve it in some modified form, but not before extended debate, not all of which will be enlightening.

## Peiping and Moscow

China's unqualified backing of the Kremlin on the issue of Soviet-satellite relations does not necessarily dispose of the argument that American policy should aim at driving a wedge between the two great Communist powers. Thanks in part to the isolation which American policy has imposed, China remains largely dependent on the Soviet Union, more particularly on East Germany, Poland and Czechoslovakia, for materials indispensable to early fulfillment of its ambitious industrialization plans. In this connection, Moscow's difficulties have suddenly improved China's bargaining position. The Soviets are doubtless prepared to pay a stiff price—more economic aid, earlier deliveries, easier terms—for Chinese support in the current ideological struggle and Chou En-lai is a shrewd negotiator.

Even so, the earlier Chinese preference for the position taken by Gomulka, Tito, and, at the outset, by Togliatti, may still obtain; the Chinese may be less orthodox than their most recent statements indicate. In a dispatch from Moscow to the New York *Times*, M. S. Handler reports that the Poles credit the Chinese with having an ever-increasing impact on the affairs of Communist regimes in Europe and believe that Chinese influence will play an even more important role as time passes. It is too early to write off this possibility as wishful thinking; and, in the meantime, the effect of American policy is to increase the degree of China's dependence on the Soviet bloc.

## Three-Cornered Chess

Senator Knowland's decision to retire from the Senate in 1958 is further evidence of his celebrated "bullheadedness," for what he has done is to brighten the prospects of his arch rival, Vice President Nixon. The conclusion is clear but the explanation is necessarily somewhat labyrinthine.

In 1952 Nixon stole a march on Senator Knowland and California Republicans generally by throwing his support to General Eisenhower despite the fact that Earl Warren, who was then Governor, had appointed him to the Senate. Senator Knowland remained loyal to Warren, who was his sponsor in politics. When Warren was appointed to the Supreme Court, "Goodie" Knight was elevated to the governorship and the three-cornered Nixon-Knowland-Knight struggle began. To control the state Republican apparatus, Knowland and Knight combined forces to freeze out Nixon. But in 1956 President Eisenhower's preference for Nixon compelled Knight and Knowland to accept a compromise on the seventy-member California delegation, which was divided into three equal parts with its seventieth member, Senator Thomas Kuchel, pledged to neutrality.

It is now clear, of course, that Senator Knowland intends to run for governor on the assumption that in the State House he would be in a stronger position in 1960 than if he remained in the Senate. For one thing, he could probably control the delegation. But *The Nation* can state authoritatively that Senator Knowland has not consulted Governor Knight who, at this time at least, intends to run for re-election. A fight for the Republican gubernatorial nomination between Knowland and Knight might well find Nixon on the side of his arch-enemy, Governor Knight. Already the Hearst newspapers in California, which are in Nixon's camp, have acquired a new and friendly interest in Governor Knight. Senator Knowland unquestionably counts on the support of the Southern California conservatives which, in practical effect, means the support of Norman Chandler, publisher of the Los Angeles *Times*. The *Times* is anti-Knight because Knight is pro-labor, but it loves Nixon more than it dislikes Knight. It would be strange, therefore, if the *Times* were to hazard its investment in the odds-on favorite Nixon to support



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Senator Knowland. The Republican County Committee in Los Angeles is largely Nixon-controlled. And the Warren "crowd"—in his long tenure of office in Sacramento, Mr. Warren had occasion to appoint a very large percentage of the present judicial officers of the state—prefers Knight to Knowland on local issues and would probably support Knight even if the effect were to help Nixon, for whom it has no great admiration. If Knowland lost to Knight in a primary fight, Nixon's principal rival for the Republican nomination would be eliminated two years in advance of the convention.

In the meantime, Senator Knowland is the perfect foil for Nixon. The very fact that he—a Taft-type Senator with rigid views on everything from Formosa to the Bricker Amendment—is the Vice President's principal rival, makes it all the easier for Nixon to pose as an Eisenhower-type "liberal" Republican. Thanks to Knowland, the Vice President has moved another step nearer his goal.

An interpretation directly contrary to the above suggests that the complex three-cornered chess game being played in California finds Nixon and Knowland determined to eliminate Knight as the third player. The theory implies an understanding between Knowland and Nixon and a desire on Nixon's part to reinsure against the threat of Knight. It could be. But the theory credits Knowland with a degree of subtlety and a willingness to subordinate his ambitions to Nixon's that is hard to accept.

## "God Bless Our New Home"

South Africa's Minister of Interior, who is charged with the odious task of enforcing the *apartheid* laws, waited all night at the airport in Johannesburg to be on hand to greet the first group of Hungarian refugees. Sleepy children, some clad only in nightgowns and shoes, descended from the planes with their parents to stand at attention in a blaze of lights as a band played the Hungarian National Anthem and a spokesman for the group, in responding to the minister's welcoming speech, said with great emotion: "We are in a free country at last! God bless our new home!" As the refugees passed through the streets on their way to shelters, they were showered with cigarettes, sweets, clothes and presents. Huge relief funds have been collected for them and the employables, being "white," have been quickly placed in good jobs.

The warmth of this welcome is timely assurance of the essential humanity of the Afrikanders. But there is cruel irony in the fact that the refugees should have fled one police state only to land in another. On the eve of their arrival, the government had arrested more than 150 individuals — some white, some African, some Indian, some Cape Colored — on charges of high treason. The basis of the charge is incitement and preparation to overthrow the government. No doubt local Communists have long cherished this objective but the indictment is aimed not at them but at such individuals as the Rev. Douglas C. Thompson, superintendent of the Methodist Church; Dr. Z. K. Matthews, acting principal of Fort Hare University College for Africans, who was a visiting professor at the Union Theological Seminary in 1952, and Albert J. Luthuli, widely known in this country as a prominent layman in the Bantu Congregational Church. As the Rev. Trevor Huddleston, author of *Naught for Your Comfort,* has pointed out, treason trials on such a scale as this are the symptoms of only one kind of sickness and their purpose is clearly to "frighten into silence those who are still able to speak of liberty."

## Singing In the Streets

The arrests in South Africa, coupled with other developments, may prove to be the undoing of the Strydom government. The arrests (December 5) followed quickly on the announcement that the Union of South Africa in the future will maintain only "a token or nominal representative" at meetings of the General Assembly. The government is clearly afraid that the Hungarian issue may create a new interest at the U.N. in its barbarous racial policies. It is also worried by the boycott movement organized by the African National Congress which has now spread to Southern and Northern Rhodesia. Then, too, the English-speaking residents are beginning to take a stand against *apartheid,* as indicated by the strong student opposition to the extension of *apartheid* policies to the two open (non-segregated) universities of Capetown and Witwatersrand, the election of Sir De Villiers Graaff — a known opponent of appeasement — as the new leader of the United Party, and the recent refusal of the Federated Chamber of Industries at Port Elizabeth to make its policies conform with *apartheid* concepts.

At the preliminary hearings on the treason case, the "harmonious" singing of thousands of native demonstrators in the streets drowned out the proceedings and police were forced to open fire to disperse them. In South Africa, a distinguished group of churchmen, including the Anglican Bishop of Johannesburg and the Archbishop of Capetown, have undertaken to raise a fund to defend the "traitors" and the American Committee on Africa — sponsored by a group that includes such names as Roger N. Baldwin, Stringfellow Barr, Mrs. Chester Bowles, Clarence Pickett, Norman Thomas, Channing Tobias, and A. Philip Randolph — is raising a similar fund in New York. It seems unlikely, therefore, that the high treason trial will succeed in frightening those who are still able to speak of liberty in South Africa. Mr. Strydom and his associates would be well-advised to appoint a commission to study the consequences of similar attempts to suppress human freedom in Hungary.



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# "GOTT MIT UNS" . . *by David L. Weissman*

THE BEARDS in *The Rise of American Civilization* tell that Franklin, in fear of its imminent dissolution and "in despair of human devices," proposed that the Constitutional Convention "be opened daily with prayer, invoking divine guidance to save it from ruin," but that Hamilton, according to tradition, thought that they were not in need of "foreign aid."

We have travelled far from this early irreverence. Now hardly an official, statesman, politician or leader in general, however complaisant he may be in such matters in private, takes a public step or makes a speech without some genuflexion to the Deity. Some of them indeed act as though God were their ally in their undertakings. And to a few, like the Secretary of State who takes us to the brink and providentially brings us back, it is impossible not to apply the wit's remark, "There, but for the Grace of God, goes God."

There is danger in this resort to sacred things in the interest of mundane affairs. Men are too prone to identify their own ambitions with the will of God. Rivers of blood have been spilled under banners of profane crusades. In this, as in so many other matters, it is best to follow Jefferson's advice: "I never told my own religion nor scrutinized that of another . . . for it is in our lives and not from our words, that our religion must be read."

Sometimes the current tendency to ignore Jefferson's advice and to ring in the Deity on every possible occasion results in making a hypocrite or a fool of the one doing so, as for example:

*1.* It is no secret that what chiefly moved former Prime Minister Eden to come to Washington last February was Britain's anxiety about the Middle East situation. Three-quarters of the world's known oil reserves are in that area. Two great conflicts center in this oil: one between the West and the Soviet bloc; the other within the West. At first Britain had a near monopoly of Middle East oil, but in the course of the years the American interests had moved in and Britain was in danger of being pushed out altogether. Eden came complaining that American oil royalties were being used by Saudi Arabia's king for bribery and political agitation to undermine British interests in the whole area.

THE STAKES were therefore high, particularly for Britain. This explains Britain's policies in the area, and its desperate efforts to avoid being ousted from Palestine, Egypt, Iran, Jordan and now Cyprus. It also explains our own ambivalence: to keep the Soviets out and at the same time do as little as possible to keep Britain in.

Mr. Eden did not win much support for Britain's share of what a new York *Times* reporter, dead-pan, called the West's "oil aspirations." The United States refused either to join the Baghdad Pact or to cut off Saudi Arabia's oil revenues. But Mr. Eden did get what was to be known in history as the Declaration of Washington. This in essence was a warning to the neutralist and uncommitted areas not to allow themselves to be seduced by Soviet promises or enticements. The first paragraph read as follows:

> We are conscious that in this year 1956, there still rages the age-old struggle between those who believe that man has his origin and his destiny in God and those who treat man as if he were designed merely to serve a state machine.

In the context of the reasons for Mr. Eden's urgent visit, there was something oleaginous in this easy familiarity with the Deity. God will no more readily mix with oil than with water.

*2.* When later in the year Britain and France embarked on their ill-starred adventure in Egypt, the Administration set its face like flint against their violation of United Nations principles and, by insisting on working through the U.N., succeeded in getting Britain and France to withdraw. The President said that there could not be one morality for our friends and a different morality for our enemies. Some cynical Britons said that our lofty attitude was no more than another maneuver in the plan to oust the British completely. Then, when Britain and France had withdrawn, the Administration announced that it would seek Congressional approval to prevent by economic and political aid and force, if necessary, the Communists from filling the vacuum created by the ouster of the British and French. Working through the United Nations was forgotten. To the cynical Britons this decision to act outside the world body, coming so soon after they were eased out by its use, was confirmation of their earlier suspicions. To the Asians, who hoped that neither the Russians nor the Americans but the people of the area with the help of the U.N. would be allowed to fill the vacuum, the decision looked ominously like an attempt to substitute American domination for the old. And to the Communists it was, in *Pravda's* words, "a plan for the enslavement of that area." But Mr. Dulles saw it in a different, almost holy light. In his year-end statement touching the area, he said:

> The United States has a major responsibility to help prevent the spread to the Middle East of Soviet imperialism. That area is immensely important to all freedom-loving, God-fearing people. There are to be found the holy shrines which symbolize the faith of three great religions. There are the resources, the channels of communication, which serve vitally the welfare of the peoples of the Middle East and of other regions.
>
> During the coming year the United States will have to accept an increasing responsibility to assist the free

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*DAVID L. WEISSMAN is a New York lawyer who has contributed to* The Nation *and other periodicals on constitutional and other legal issues.*

*Next week* The Nation *begins an important series on The Limitation of an Arms Diplomacy. The first article, by O. Edmund Clubb, will deal with Japan, Formosa and South Korea.*



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# TAXING FOR PEACE . . *by William A. Williams*

*The following communication is from an assistant professor of history at the University of Oregon who is the author of* The Shaping of American Diplomacy *and other books.*

ONCE AGAIN America's intellectual and political leaders have buckled on their battledress for still another skirmish in the Great Debate over foreign affairs that has been waged as a stalemated siege for the last decade. Yet this time one senses a certain anxiety within the officer corps itself, to say nothing of a slightly sullen apprehensiveness among the rank-and-file. This is understandable, since containment and liberation are, in the words of George Kennan's neglected admission, nothing more than "two sides of the same coin." And neither Republicans nor Democrats have been able to command either the desired collapse of the Soviet Union or the militant support of all uncommitted nations.

Small wonder that we are anxious and apprehensive. Hence it may be opportune as well as fruitful to suggest, from the perspective of the rear rank, that the failure to reach any decision stems simply from the fact that we keep talking about symptoms, and trying to effect cures with policies, whereas we should be probing for causes and debating long-range programs of rehabilitation.

It seems clear enough that these perpetual crises are a product of the fundamental contradiction between our rhetorical and our practical objectives. We say that we want nothing more than to live the good life at home while assisting others to do likewise. And no doubt this is our fundamental desire. But in practice we have committed ourselves to the attainment of security. Here is the root of the trouble: security *per se* is unobtainable. Not even the scientist in his laboratory controls nature to this degree.

In the broadest sense, therefore, our practice of defining our objective as security, and choosing as our means the induced collapse of the Soviet Union, has subverted our rhetorical objective of leading and helping the world to build and enjoy a creative life. Assuming that we seriously entertain our announced objective, and have only lost our way in the maze of ends and means, our best chance to recover the lost ground lies in embarking upon a program suited to the purpose.

To dramatize the point, we may ask ourselves two questions: (1) Do we believe that if a gift of ten billions in light industrial and consumer goods failed to subvert the Communist bloc, we can do better with a hundred billions in nuclear weapons? (2) Would we rather see Gomulka fail as a pro-American liberal than have him succeed as a "liberal" Communist accepted by Moscow? If our answers are "Yes," we ought to launch preventive war quickly. If not, it is time to straighten out our logic.

MY specific proposal is taxation without representation for the purpose of underwriting a massive expansion of the United Nations program of economic and cultural development. The approach could be spelled out in some variation of the following outline:

*1.* A small but progressive yearly tax, to be known as the World Civilization Tax, would be levied on every American citizen who is qualified to vote, and collected separately from all other taxes.

*2.* This money would be turned over to the United Nations as an unrestricted deposit to its current account. It would have no relationship to the routine annual payment by all U.N. members, and would be used exclusively for economic and cultural developmental programs.

*3.* All American economic and technical missions would be terminated as rapidly as the U.N. could assume the responsibility for completing such programs. This would be facilitated by transferring unused funds to the U.N. along with the responsibility.

*4.* The American government would exercise neither its formal vote nor its levers of informal pressure in the selection and administration of the projects considered or undertaken by the United Nations.

*5.* Coincidently, the U.S.-dominated agencies of world development would begin consideration, solely on the basis of need and economic criteria, of requests for aid from all nations.

MANY American spokesmen now engaged in the current phase of the Great Debate will scorn and ridicule such a program as a dangerous attempt to rehabilitate isolationism. But such leaders are really caught in a net of their own idea-mongering, for this approach to foreign affairs will reward the United States with far more viable influence than all the treaties of alliance and "friendship" signed in the last decade.

The heart of the matter is that the so-called internationalists who sponsor the policy of containment-liberation have twisted the term isolationism into a smear word against anti-imperialists. Hence the danger is that this sophisticated McCarthyism will end in blinding us to the central fact that anti-imperialism is the only viable policy in the nuclear age. And the tragedy would be if the Russians grasped more of this essential truth than we did. For whatever the house rules, a handful of Gomulkas will always top a fist full of Syngman Rhees and Chiang Kai-sheks.



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nations of the Middle East, and elsewhere, to maintain their freedom and to develop their welfare. We must live by the golden rule. By so serving others we serve ourselves.

There is an unintended comic twist in the Secretary's reference to the golden rule. God will no more readily mix with gold than with oil.

*3.* In California last spring, the Rev. Dr. Fred Stripp, acting minister of the Saint Berkley Community Church, delivered the invocation at a meeting held to further the nomination of Adlai E. Stevenson for President. The last sentence of the invocation was:

> We believe Adlai E. Stevenson to be Thy choice for President of the United States. Amen.

In fairness to Mr. Stevenson it should be added that the invocation was delivered before he arrived.

*4.* This writer's favorite example of the tendency discussed was reported a while ago in a dispatch by the Associated Press from Dayton, Ohio. It ran as follows:

> Emerson Carling appeared for his arraignment in Federal Court yesterday on a forgery charge with a Bible under his arm. Judge Cecil asked, "Who is your defense counsel?"
>
> "Jesus Christ is my defender and counsellor," Carling answered.
>
> Queried Judge Cecil: "Do you have anyone locally?"

"My opinion is," Jefferson wrote, "that there never would have been an infidel, if there had never been a priest." One wonders how many atheists are made by those who take the name of the Lord in vain. How long will they go on making asses of themselves and trying to make fools of the rest of us? How long, O Lord, how long?

# BEHIND the CULTURE CURTAIN . . *by Richard L. Coe*

IT'S ALL VERY well to be in favor of "international cultural exchange," but making it work is quite another matter.

On the record we're for it. In action we seem almost against it.

Passed by the last Congress is the President's Emergency Fund for overseas demonstration of American cultural achievements. Unconnected with the United States Information Agency's "propaganda" budget, this is an extension of a once supplemental fund and gives as much continuity as our government ever allows to a program which previously had barely managed to squeak through Congress.

The money isn't much—a drop in the Soviet's comparative bucket. Of roughly five million dollars, half goes to the Commerce Department toward our participation in international fairs and trade exhibits. The rest goes to the State Department for "international exchange of the performing arts."

In the field of dance, music and drama this money isn't intended to finance complete tours. It's only a guarantee to cover the difference between operating expenses and overseas income, for the modest admission charges that so titilate theatre-going Americans abroad wouldn't even begin to pay the unionized wages guaranteed our artists and technicians. Make no mistake: our unions are interested. Actor's Equity insisted that if the *Porgy and Bess* opening at La Scala were filmed for Ed Murrow's TV show, all hands would have to receive an extra week's wages; CBS understandably cancelled.

In one sense, the cancellation did the exchange program little harm, for despite much of what's been written, most of *Porgy's* incalculably effective four foreign tours were not financed by the government. A South American tour was so financed, as was a critical portion around the Mediterranean, allowing the company to keep together until time for later, purely commercial engagements. But when the musical play cracked the Iron Curtain to reach Warsaw, Leningrad and Moscow, private financing paid the freight, and despite all its triumphs, *Porgy, financially speaking, still is* in the red. TV-casts may yet balance the budget.

This confusion between governmental funds and private financing goes back to the not-so-long-ago beginnings of our government's official interest in the performing arts as a means of quashing deep-rooted ideas of "materialistic" Americans. With our sacred tradition of "private sources" to support the arts, it's almost amazing to realize in how short a time we've come as far as two and a half million dollars a year.

On a purely commercial, private scale, there's a sixty-odd year record of presenting American artists in Europe, but it covers mainly London, to a small extent Paris and very little else. Operations of today's scope are unprecedented.

So, in 1949, when the Danish government officially invited an American acting company to present *Hamlet* in the annual international series at Elsinore, there was only one organization to which the State Department could officially refer. This was ANTA, the American National Theatre and Academy, which is neither a theatre nor an academy but a small group of enthusiasts armed for the past twenty years with an Act of Congress Charter.

Looking for a company to accept an invitation to follow Britain's Old Vic and official "national" European companies, ANTA found no producer willing to take up the challenge, but had the inspiration to turn to the only official theatre of our forty-eight states: Virginia's Barter Theatre. Barter's Robert Porterfield was enthusiastic but wanted two things: a few top-flight stars to supplement

*RICHARD L. COE is drama editor of the Washington* Post and Times Herald.



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his company and transportation money. Many a Broadway star turned down the bid, but finally such public-spirited players as Clarence Derwent, Aline MacMahon and Walter Abel accepted and Director Robert Breen reluctantly took on the title role himself, a risk for which he may have paid critically but, as one who was there knows, by which he gained Danish respect for his scholarship.

FINDING the money was even harder. To his lasting credit, there came to the rescue a one-time schoolteacher of Independence, Missouri, who had become an NBC vice president and inherited great wealth: Blevins Davis. It was Davis' generosity which made possible our first official participation in the international performing-arts program. He later financed other steps, opening the government's eyes to the potential of cultural exchange as a supplement to the educational exchange act of 1948. Davis financed a tour by Howard University's Negro players, which refuted attacks Paul Robeson was then making on the United States. Next he contributed a mint to take Ballet Theatre, which he and Lucia Chase supported, on its foreign tour. It proved an eye-opener to European balletomanes. Julius Fleischmann, another millionaire, followed this lead for our participation in a Paris festival. Davis and Breen later joined forces for *Porgy and Bess,* into which Davis sank a fortune.

President Truman, Davis' longtime personal friend, was then in the White House and quick to see that through this means the legend of the gum-chewing, tasteless American could be combatted. He set up machinery within the State Department to handle future projects.

President Eisenhower has furthered the idea, endorsing tours and artists with personal letters, seeing to it that the special fund became part of the permanent budget and attempting to streamline the administrative bureaucracy.

The fund works this way. The State Department entrusts the spending of much of the money to the International Exchange Program of ANTA. The IEP, in turn, delegates the choice of attractions—in essence, the artistic responsibility—to "panels" of unpaid, disinterested experts, leaders in all fields from production to criticism. The dance and music panels have been able to come up with effective and willing instruments of exchange, for in both areas there are continuing companies and orchestras of top quality which have been able to mesh tours abroad into their schedules.

The New York Philharmonic and the Boston Symphony have toured Europe, the Symphony of the Air the Orient. In May, the Cleveland Orchestra, under George Szell, will tour from Italy to Scandinavia. On each program an American work is a major attraction, though foreigners also make it clear that they are interested in our readings of the classics. The dance world has sent such attractions as Ballet Theatre, the New York City Ballet, Jose Limon and Martha Graham.

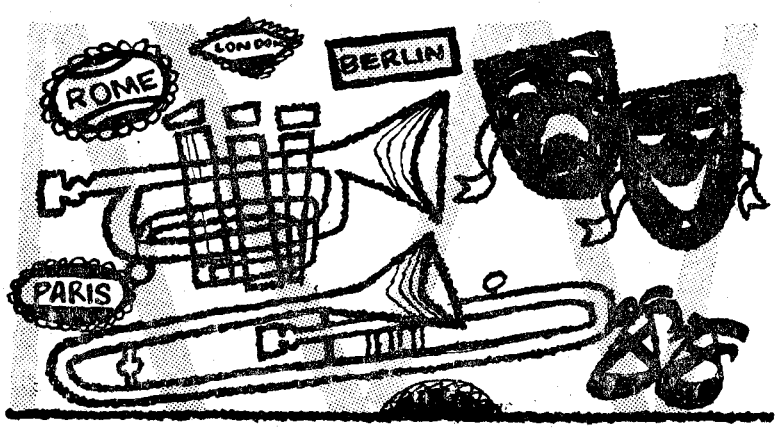
Except for *Porgy and Bess,* the field of the theatre has been pitifully represented. This is because of the jungle that is the American theatre. Producers, directors and actors talk endlessly about what they "want" to do, but not one has followed through on a single far-flung scheme except for a by-product of the program, *Salute to France,* for which Robert W. Dowling personally financed productions of *The Skin of Our Teeth, Medea* and *Oklahoma!* Helen Hayes, Mary Martin and Judith Anderson were among those who took time from their 1955 activities to make the *Salute* possible.

The excuse for this poor showing, all too understandable, is that in our theatre, which has no continuing companies, no one knows when Success will open the floodgates and, on the chance that each venture might be It, no one is willing to tie down to dates necessarily six months away.

Making things even more difficult for the theatre is the question of taste, a matter which has already caused a few brickbats to be thrown at the music programs. One recalls the rhubarb created when a couple of Symphony of the Air players were pointed to as persons politically tainted with leftism; there also has been hoopla over presenting such jazzy operators as Satchmo Armstrong and Dizzy Gillespie as representing the "best of the performing arts."

THESE experiences have made a fearful stew of the business of choosing dramatic offerings. Producer Kermit Bloomgarden's generous offer to interrupt the New York run of *The Diary of Anne Frank* so the company could play the Paris Festival of '56 was a fine idea, but Charles Dillon, our Ambassador in Paris, thought the play inappropriate. (Under foreign sponsorship, it since has proved a triumph.) A relic of the USIS library turmoil, there is a reluctance to sending abroad the works of such dramatists as Arthur Miller, Tennessee Williams and Arthur Laurents. Subject matter of various plays also has been questioned.

Thus, timidity on the operational level has hog-tied the theatre program, though no one bothers to recall that *Porgy and Bess* once was considered to cast a poor light on American culture. In some quarters



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it still is, despite its record of praise from every Ambassador in every country visited.

A recent State Department survey shows that American dramatic, music and dance attractions are urgently requested with one simple proviso: they must be of absolutely top quality. Language is not a barrier. Every nation with which we have negotiated has pointed out that its cultural leaders command English as a second language and prefer to hear American actors in the American tongue. (Some of this language familiarity is ascribed by the cultural leaders to long knowledge of Hollywood movies.)

Nor is getting and paying for proper attractions the only rub. Vital to the exchanges, the State Department's survey points out, is proper publicity. It's just not possible to lug an attraction onto the stage of a far-off theatre and expect audiences to come flocking. Solid advance groundwork must be laid. This takes skilled, expensive craftsmen.

Next is the embarrassing fact that the local managers who take over presentation of the attractions are keen to make a good financial showing. In many cases, they've so priced American attractions that exorbitantly expensive seats must be bought by our Embassies to give to prominent opinion-makers. On the budget books a year later, such an item can cause searching queries from Congressmen.

Considering all the subjects battling for Congressional attention, the program has had respectful hearings. In the House, Representative Frank Thompson (D., N.J.) has been a tireless introducer of bills on this and related cultural subjects, and last session the important Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate held hearings which reflected the sincere interest of such members as Senators Green (now Foreign Relations Chairman), Fulbright, Humphrey and Knowland. These men are aware that there is need for greater sums than private enterprise can supply. Their travels have shown them the value not only of economic fairs and athletic events, but also of cultural ambassadors. Their penetrating questions—urging, for instance, youthful music groups to counteract the impression of juvenile delinquency in this country—suggest that a more dynamic program would get a hearing.

WITH THESE hurdles, it is small wonder that the program is inadequate. In the program's first two years, we sent out thirty-seven cultural and seven sports delegations. Last year alone the USSR presented 148 cultural delegations to the countries of the free world—and several hundred more to its satellites.

How to get the larger budget needed is going to take considerably more than the pious generalities of public-spirited bodies. They must find a way to acquaint the taxpayers with the programs' virtues. They must impress on the artists—stars and union minions alike—the value of their contributions. They must face up to the legislative maze of Congress and to the State Department's top bosses by tackling the plan on a practical, political level. A few annual visits to Washington officials just aren't enough.

That something more than the lip service we've been paying the idea is needed was dramatized in two recent news items. The first had to do with unrest among students and intellectuals in Moscow itself; the infallibility of totalitarian regimes was being questioned by people who have grown up under thought control. The second was a subsequent announcement by the State Department that our cultural exchange with the Soviet Union was being cancelled.

It was chilling to find so few observers drawing the obvious connection between these twin footnotes to history. For nearly a year before the Moscow outbreaks, an exchange of delegations, admittedly limited, had been going on whereby Soviet representatives were coming to this country and ours were carrying U. S. ideas behind the Iron Curtain. Yet, at the very instant the importance of continuing the exchange was so dramatically underlined, Washington announced its cancellation.

It is clear that the public and professions involved are poorly informed about the plan. It also is evident that the State Department's policy heads don't know a good thing when they're using it.

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# SLICK-PAPER CHRISTIANITY . . *by Dan Wakefield*

IN THE forward-looking eyes of contemporary religion (fixed more often on the vision ahead than above) the greatest of sins is to be "out of date." The sermons of Norman Vincent Peale speak more of U.S. business men than of Biblical prophets, and one Eastern minister recently devoted his Sunday lesson to the soul-searching topic: "Will Jackie Gleason Get to Heaven?" A report in *Life* on why our ministers are mentally "cracking up" reveals that they are killing themselves in trying to keep up. In an age accelerated by the miracle of the mass media, the most "successful" of the modern religious leaders have adopted the old slogan, "If you can't beat 'em, join 'em." On the *Times* bestseller lists, the books of Peale and Smiley Blanton make Herman Wouk look like a piker, and if Bishop Sheen makes no move to drive the Trendex men from the temple, it is only understandable. His TV rating is the envy of many a comedian.

This current industrialization of Christianity has now reached another

*DAN WAKEFIELD is a staff contributor.*



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milestone with publication of a new Methodist magazine — *Together.* With a pre-publication order upped from 600,000 to 700,000 by the clamor of anxious voices who wanted to get *Together,* and the confident expectation of a cool 1,000,000 circulation early this year, the Methodists have the hottest thing in the publishing world since *Playboy* began its rise. While *Collier's, The Woman's Home Companion* and *The Town Journal* were folding by the wayside in the waning days of 1956, the Methodist Publishing House was able to report "the biggest year" in its history, with a 6.91 per cent increase in net sales, a 19.85 per cent increase in net income, and an all-time high in "church-school literature" circulation of 6,813,956. On this firm foundation was raised the slick and colorful pages of *Together,* which, "If every Methodist Church will put in its annual budget a $2 subscription for each family on its rolls . . . will have approximately three million circulation." The publishing agents of the Methodist Church, two gentlemen whose names (Lovick Pierce and J. Edgar Washabaugh) are as purely Sinclair Lewis as their project, recorded in their first editorial that "It is our hope and prayer that this will be done."

There are other Christians, including Methodists, who do not share these sentiments. Principal Methodist opposition to *Together* came from other Methodist editors, through the Methodist Press Association, which expressed "strong disapproval" of the new magazine and questioned whether the church should publish a periodical so "secular" in nature.

Many outsiders who have been impressed by the good works of the Methodist Church were especially depressed by the creation of *Together.* The *Christian Century,* an outstanding undenominational religious magazine, praised a new outlay of Methodist funds for higher education announced at the Methodist General Conference last summer, but commented that

> The special issue of *Together* put out for the General Conference would diseducate a denomination as fast as its colleges and universities could educate it . . . Methodists, who once had to contend with a caricature of themselves as superficial, hail-fellow-well-met Christians, seem in their new magazine to be bent on inhabiting the caricature. . . . The fact is that a great denomination should have a great magazine, but it takes more than $2.6 million annual budget to create it. It takes a renewed acquaintance with the church's history and a revitalized appreciation of its fathers and their faith.

*Together* rose from the ashes of the 130-year-old *Christian Advocate* (which was judged by a majority of the Methodist bishops to be too old-fashioned) and is aimed at the popular market, while the more specialized duties of the old *Advocate* are now taken up by a monthly companion magazine of *Together* — a "pastor's journal" known as *The New Christian Advocate.* This new handbook, served up in a format resembling that of *The Reader's Digest,* is a kind of "Agitprop" for the preachers, stocked with handy helps such as "Sermon Suggestions," and articles ranging from theology (A Protestant Appreciation of Mary) to technique (Must The Organ Play Second Fiddle?). Practical matters are taken up which the Gospels could not foresee — e.g., a report on modern church parking facilities, with a quote from a Methodist editor to the effect that "Churches simply cannot expect young couples with three or four children — as most of them seem to have today — to park four blocks away in bad weather."

BUT professional problems of the pastor make dull fare for the congregation, and the bright pages of *Together* spare the layman from such concerns. Indeed, they are out to assure him that Religion Can Be Fun — it even can be so disguised as to make it almost unrecognizable as religion.

For those who have doubts about a Christian magazine being able to provide good, comfortable fun, certain old-fashioned concepts are cleared up right from the start. In its first (October) issue, *Together* flamed forth with a full color eight-page feature which essentially expressed the publication's message.

This feature was a series of reproductions of paintings of Jesus Christ as represented by painters from the second century to the present. The moral of the spectacular was that Christ is envisioned by men in the reflected image of their own times. The reader can rejoice: Christ through the ages has grown progressively healthier and happier. A second-century portrait shows the face of a deeply troubled and meditative Christ, His forehead scarred and His lips turned slightly downward. Another of the same century portrays Him with closed eyes in a long, weary face. A dark, stern Christ is shown in an eleventh-century mosaic, and a weeping Christ with blood dripping from the crown of thorns is a sixteenth-century impression. An early twentieth-century Christ is more beautiful, and shows a glow beginning to emerge from the upper regions of His head.

And finally we come to the current Christ — a curly-haired, smiling fellow who is pink of cheek and shorn of scars and sorrows. The caption explains that the painter, an Ohio resident by the name of Ivan Eugene Pusecker, "obviously was influenced by today's theology . . ."

PUSECKER's Christ is the most happy fella imaginable — and more handsome than any man who ever played the role in a Cecil B. de Mille production. It is easy, in fact, to believe in this Christ as the sort of man who would shave his beard, buy a grey flannel suit and join Dr. Norman Vincent Peale in the good doctor's annual (paid) tour of large department stores at the holiday season to instill the employes with "The Christmas Spirit."

When the publishers of the magazine announced in their foreword to the first issue that *Together* would strive for an editorial approach "somewhat comparable to that used by Christ," it was doubtlessly Mr. Pusecker's Christ they had in mind.

*Together* offers its readers such snappy features as Little Lessons in Spiritual Efficiency and, in order that more Methodists can get together, a What's Your Hobby? directory with names and addresses of Methodists who engage in a va-



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riety of soul-building activities. There are Methodists who collect stereoptician slides, tropical fish, key chains, proverbs, model circus wagons and trains, and ivory monkies — just to name a few.

Recommendations are made for Methodists who want to see the right movies and read the right books, and can be saved, for instance, by *Together's* warning review of *A Walk On The Wild Side* by Nelson Algren: "... It is rough and tough and hardly the book to be recommended to a church-reading circle."

SINCE *Together* is billed as "The Midmonth Magazine For Methodist Families," there is of course something for all the family — Halloween games for the kiddies and even a trouble column for the teenagers. One "Dick" Richmond Barbour, Ph.D., whose bespectacled face is shown floating in the slick white sea above his column, offers advice to the teenagers which, if "Christ-like," can be so only in reference to Pusecker's image. It has no connection with the words or ideas of the Christ who preached the brotherhood of men. For instance, an eighteen-year-old girl who wonders whether she is truly in love with her boy friend is advised that, "It's best to have dates with someone in your own church gang. If you can't do that, try to go with others who are Protestants." Mr. Barbour gives the young girl several key questions to ask herself about this boy friend: "Is he a clean Christian young man? Can he earn a reasonably good living? Does he have a stable personality?"

It is hardly necessary to add the query of whether this boy friend owns a grey flannel suit, and if it has three buttons rather than two. (That specific problem is covered in the December teen column, when Mr. Barbour advises a young man to "Try to wear the same sort of clothes that most boys in your school do.") Blessed are the stable-in-heart, kids, for they shall see good weekly pay checks.

Much in the same way that members of the Sigma Chi fraternity are presented as those who shall inherit the earth in *The Magazine of Sigma Chi*, the Methodists look like the gang to watch from reading the pages of *Together*. Did you know, for instance, that the man who kicked the longest field goal in the world was a Methodist? The first issue carried that gripping and inspiring story, and in the December number, *Together* presented a Methodist All-American team, picked by Fred Russell (Methodist) Sports Editor of the Nashville *Banner*. Methodists everywhere will no doubt take heart from Mr. Russell's report: "Football today is a game of speed, spirit and skill more than ever. To a split T, the first All-American All-Methodist team conforms to these requisites for success."

Perhaps an even more interesting feature will be the announcement of "Miss Methodist Student Nurse," a competition announced in the November issue of *Together*. These promotions indeed open new horizons for the imaginative, "up-to-date" churchmen of all sects. Possibly a candidate from each denomination could be chosen to compete for the title of "Miss Religion," who then could pose for endorsements of the white-leather Bibles, foam-rubber church pews and custom-tailored choir gowns advertised in the pages of *Together*. Perhaps some enterprising sportswriter will match the Methodist All-Americans with an All-Episcopalian squad for a holiday benefit game.

But all this is on the light side, and *Together* is not without its serious moments. Perhaps the most serious and also the most gruesome (though with close competition from the story in the first issue of a little boy with cleft palate whose mother loses her mind) is a piece called The Hiroshima Maidens Go Home. This tells the story of how twenty-five girls who were badly disfigured in the A-bomb blast at Hiroshima were taken to America by a group including Methodist Church members and given free treatment. The piece is headed with a picture of the girls happily waving as they board the plane back to Japan after treatments; a caption explains that the "Doctor at the right carries the ashes of Tomako Nakabayishi, who died during her third operation."

The Japanese are quoted as deeply grateful for it all. We are told that one of the girls, shortly before entering the operating room, asked an interpreter to give the following message to the doctor who was to perform the operation: "Tell Dr. Barsky not to be worried because he cannot give me a new face. I know my scars are very, very bad and I know Dr. Barsky is worried because he thinks I may expect that I will be as I once was. I know that this is impossible; but it does not matter; something has already healed here inside."

If that is presented to warm the

Little Lessons in Spiritual Efficiency

# The Secret of Togethering

**by ROY L. SMITH**

Together: October issue

*The urge to streamlined homiletics pervades* Together's *features— and the titles thereof.*



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hearts of Methodists or anyone else, then the immorality of our times is so grotesque that we had all better weep for our souls. A small light indeed is the healing of twenty-five girls beside the glare of an atomic bomb that was dropped on a Japanese city. An ordinary human being might imagine that we'd have the morality to hide this pale flicker under a bushel instead of displaying it across the slick pages of a popular magazine to the greater glory of a Protestant sect.

But glory and reward on earth and the message of success are repeated on page after page of *Together* in the most up-to-date magazine style. A brief biography of one *Together* author who is also a minister assures the reader that this clergyman "looks like a successful lawyer and talks like the man next door."

It is a peculiar reassurance that popular Christianity seeks to convey to its followers — that its current disciples are so like the man in the street, and so unlike the Saviour of The Bible. In expounding this message, the modern churchmen have sought to transform that Saviour into the Christ of *Together* — a face indistinguishable from the rest of the lonely crowd.

In a literature class at Columbia College, Mark Van Doren once noted that the modern image of Christ was that of a man almost unrelated to the Christ who was described in the New Testament as a strong and stern leader, ruthless in following his conception of truth, and iron in his will. "He was not," Van Doren said, "An easy man to follow. He was certainly not like our ministers now who try to be 'one of the crowd' and take a drink at a cocktail party to prove it, or tell an off-color joke. That seems to be their approach today." The professor paused for a moment, and then he said, "Maybe that's why we hate them so much."

Maybe that's why the current religious revival in America is such a hollow pretense, and why it has had so little regenerating effect on the moral temper of the times. Too many religious leaders have sought to be *Together* with their era and become shabby followers and imitators rather than leaders. In the desperate effort to be up-to-date they have dressed Jesus Christ in a grey flannel suit and smothered his spirit in the folds of conformity. The new slick-page Christianity cheerily rises in the midst of a world seeking answers to survival, and offers an All-Methodist football team.

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# EUROPE'S COMMON MARKET . . *by William L. Rivers*

WHEN I made a casual inquiry during the Oxford Conference on International Organizations some months ago about the European attitude toard NATO, a Frenchman caught me up with: "Do you mean European or *'European'*," (emphasizing the last word). Seeing that I was puzzled, he explained the difference: "Europeans"—with quotation marks—work for a United Western Europe; plain Europeans, traditionalists and nationalists, do not.

But today the line between the opposing camps is growing indistinct. For the traditionalists, long opposed to any form of unity beyond military alliances, are being won over by a new idea—the Common Market. And at the same time the hard-core "Europeans," long thwarted in their efforts to build a supra-national political structure over Western Europe, are also rushing to the support of the Common Market as a giant step toward the unity they seek.

Thus an economic concept which is hardly two years old has already won over the two most powerful European economic groupings, and is exciting the attention of American economists as well. The concept is simple enough: the Common Market contemplates a single open market without restrictions embracing the whole of Western Europe. Under it, a manufacturer in any Western European country could aim his wares at a potential free market of more than 240 million people. The result would be an opportunity for business men, who know that automation and atoms-in-industry are at hand, to reform the industrial base of their countries along American lines. West European consumers could buy at prices which only extensive mass-production techniques make possible. Beyond this, the Common Market would create an economist's dream-world: an international area allowing the free flow of labor, capital and goods in which the productive strong points of each region could be utilized.

Hence, as a catch-phrase, the Common Market pleases producers, consumers, "experts" and, through all these, the politicians,. Here is economic unity, the phrase suggests, without the dread political unity.

However, as its proponents soon learned, the Common Market must be much less than an economic United States, at least in the beginning.

The first, and perhaps least obvious, difficulty springs from determining the limits of Europe, which is not nearly so easy as the geographers make it seem. For example, the Council of Europe staged two conferences of eminent men in an effort to make it dramatically apparent that Europe is culturally and historically unified, the object being to smooth the path for stronger political and economic ties. But Toynbee and his followers defined Europe as those countries that received their Christianity from Rome, a concept that not only destroys the Rand-McNally approach, but also

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*WILLIAM L. RIVERS, assistant professor at the University of Miami, was one of five U.S. delegates to the Conference on Problems of International Organizations at Oxford, England, last July.*



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proved to be in sharp contrast to the notions of humanists, economists and other historians.

Most important, the easy American assumption that Great Britain is a part of Western Europe is most vigorously denied by the British themselves. In their eyes, Great Britain's relationship to Western Europe is much like that of the United States: interested, helpful, but not a member of the family. Unfortunately, this relationship is not always clear to Western Europeans, many of whom assumed that when Prime Minister Winston Churchill first said, "My counsel to Europe can be given in a single word, Unite!" he was declaring his country in on the bargain. They have since learned that the British think of their responsibilities in this order: to the Commonwealth, then to the United States, *then* to Europe.

This British attitude has been the most important single consideration in all European efforts at collective action since World War II. More than any other factor, it has been responsible for the splintering of Europe into "the Europe of the Six" (the European Coal and Steel Community), "the Europe of the Seven" (Western European Union), "the Europe of the Fourteen" (the Council of Europe), "the Europe of the Seventeen" (the Organization for European Economic Cooperation), not to mention the lesser associations, organizations, groupings and ideas that have led to the coining of such identifications as "Little Europe," "Nuclear Europe" and "Europa."

MEMBERSHIP IN THE MAJOR WEST EUROPEAN ORGANIZATIONS

| | Council of Europe | Western European Union | European Coal-Steel Community | Organization for European Economic Cooperation |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| *Austria* | | | | x |
| *Belgium* | x | x | x | x |
| *Denmark* | x | | | x |
| *France* | x | x | x | x |
| *Germany* | x | x | x | x |
| *Greece* | x | | | x |
| *Ireland* | x | | | x |
| Ireland | x | | | x |
| *Italy* | x | x | x | x |
| *Luxembourg* | x | x | x | x |
| *Netherlands* | x | x | x | x |
| *Norway* | x | | | x |
| *Portugal* | | | | x |
| *Sweden* | x | | | x |
| *Switzerland* | | | | x |
| *Turkey* | x | | | x |
| *United Kingdom* | x | x | | x |

*(Note: Canada and the United States are associate members of the Organization for European Economic Cooperation.)*

OTHER European nations take their cues from Britain and, when the Common Market was proposed, they dragged their feet in time with the British tread. But there is one European splinter group that already submits to supra-national authority —the European Coal and Steel Community. In 1951, France, Germany, Italy, the Netherlands, Belgium and Luxembourg yielded their sovereign powers to establish a limited common market in coal and steel. It was natural, then, that the Common Market idea should have begun to take practical shape within this six-nation community. The members met at Messina, Italy, in June, 1955, and agreed to work toward a customs union, or Common Market, for all goods. Britain refused to attend, arguing that commitments to Commonwealth countries (largely in the form of the imperial preference agreements) made it impossible for her to participate; indeed, the British sent a diplomatic note outlining their objections to the whole idea.

However, the demonstrable success of the Coal and Steel Community made the new proposal for a more extensive Common Market worth watching. So, when the "Messina Powers" met again in Brussels in July, 1955, Great Britain was represented, although the British government took special pains to assure that the representation was in "a special category" and did not imply full participation.

Exactly a year later—nearly supersonic speed for such a precedent-setting step—the Coal and Steel Comunity countries met once more in Brussels to begin negotiations for a treaty that would establish the Common Market. It was at this point that the British government, which had managed to combine convincingly somewhat patronizing attitudes of paternal interest and aloofness, suddenly demonstrated a new, more emotional, attitude: fear. Sir Edward Boyle, Economic Secretary to the Treasury, told the House of Commons last July:

> I am absolutely safe in saying that there is no subject which will more attract the attention of the Government in the months ahead [than the Common Market]. The Government realizes completely the advantages which the countries inside the area should gain—that is, a great single market within which industry could be developed to its greatest economic use, possessed of great bargaining power in its negotiations against outside competition.

Boyle made it clear that Britain, if it failed to join the Common Market, might be "outside competition." Then he brought up the special Commonwealth problems, and indicated that Great Britain could afford neither to join the Common Market outright nor stay out of it entirely. The government, he said, now had an open mind, especially since it seemed possible to make



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membership in the new association "flexible."

Later in the same month, Labor M.P. Denis Healey, an articulate critic of European integration movements, gave his own sardonic view of the new British attitude: "At first, we were for the integration of Europe because we didn't think it could happen. Now, we're concerned that the Common Market may be created and Germany will dominate trade if we stay out."

THE British began serious discussion of creating a free-trade area which would be attached to, but not part of, the Common Market. Immediately other members of the Organization for European Economic Cooperation fell into line as if on order. And as the new British approach became generally known, the press of the world began to speculate not only about the Common Market and a "partial free-trade area," but also about the fresh chance for a United States of Europe that either might presage. *Business Week, Newsweek, Time* and other American publications have been seeing implications worth pages of type. When the Suez crisis was at its height, most of them speculated, with good reason, that the Middle East difficulties and the resulting split with the United States would lend new impetus to all European unity efforts, particularly the Common Market. It would seem that Great Britain, in demonstrating how weak she might be if opposed to the economic force of the Common Market, has at the same time shown the strength of her influence.

To the despair of those unable to cope with the Europes we already have, the result may be the creation of two new ones: Common Market Europe, consisting at a minimum of the six Coal and Steel Community countries, and Free Trade Europe, consisting at a minimum of the Common Market countries plus Britain, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Switzerland and Austria. There is a good chance that all the members of the OEEC except Turkey might also participate in the free-trade area. That would mean that the twelve countries named above would be joined by Eire, Portugal, Greece and Iceland. Finland, too, might come in.

In Common Market Europe, the proposal is to do away not only with all barriers to trade in goods among the members, but also to raze all barriers to the free flow of services, labor and capital. The Common Market countries would eliminate all tariffs among themselves by gradually reducing them over a period of fifteen years, at the same time introducing a common tariff against the rest of the world.

In Free Trade Europe, the proposal is to allow free entry only for *specified* goods of other member countries; for the rest, members would retain their own tariffs on imports from outside the area. The limitation to specific products is not only a result of protectionist attitudes toward domestic industries, but also stems from the need to protect agriculture (Britain, largely because of agreements with dominions and colonies, would exempt food, drink and tobacco from free trade.) So the Free Trade countries could join with the Common Market countries to create a single free market in, for example, automobiles, while the Common Market countries would create a single free market in everything.

PROPONENTS of both plans have been facing for months the serious problems involved in economic integration even on a limited basis. There is the difficulty of dealing freely in the sixteen kinds of money used in Western Europe; there is the potentially explosive situation such as will be created when businesses and industries that are now tariff-protected are thrown into an international open market. The need for an intergovernmental approach in the Common Market countries to social legislation, national taxation, special relief funds and adjustments for both management and labor is already obvious. The progression by stages over fifteen years to complete economic integration has been established to cushion the impact.

But the benefits of the Common Market (and the free-trade area) are so positive, argue the proponents, that the problems should be met. Western Europe is the fastest-growing big market in the world, but trade restrictions make it impossible for European industry to take advantage of the fact. The "free markets" for European manufacturers now are limited by national boundaries, so the producer must think in terms of five million, ten million or, at most, fifty million consumers. Beyond these points, he must price his goods to absorb tariffs. In an international free-trade area composed of all the OEEC countries (excluding Turkey, but adding Finland), the market would be 260 million—nearly 100 million larger than the U.S. market and some fifty million larger than the Russian market.

The attitude of at least one segment of European industry has been expressed best by Justin Wells, managing director of Manchester's Germ Lubricants Ltd., who would go beyond the limits of Free Trade Europe:

> The risks in joining the Common Market are grave and will lead the United Kingdom on an uphill road to firm ground on a competitive plateau. The risks of reliance on imperial and other preferences, of complacently accepting that the continent can produce cheaper than the United Kingdom and hoping the quality is not so good, lie farther ahead and are graver. In the interests of our own generation we should hold aloof from the Messina scheme, but for those of posterity let us seek founder membership.

Such long-view sentiments are heard more and more often in Britain and throughout Western Europe, in part generated by the unequivocal advice of the influential magazine *The Economist* that "Britain should join with the Common Market project to the fullest possible extent," in part the result of a blessing on the Common Market from Washington.

However, the best indications are that in 1957 Britain will lead at least five other nations into Free Trade Europe, grafting it onto the six-nation Common Market of the Coal and Steel Community countries. There it may hang until the leadership decides whether this is the Economic Third Force that will preserve for Western Europe the last uneasy vestiges of Great Power status.



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# BOOKS and the ARTS

## Generation of Ciphers

*THE ART OF SUCCESS.* By the Editors of *Fortune*. Lippincott. $5.

*THE EXECUTIVE LIFE.* By the Editors of *Fortune*. Doubleday. $3.50.

*THE ORGANIZATION MAN.* By William H. Whyte, Jr. Simon and Schuster. $5.

*WORK AND ITS DISCONTENTS.* By Daniel Bell. Beacon Press. $1.25.

***By Gordon Harrison***

JUST thirty years ago a good many American businessmen were rejoicing in Bruce Barton's discovery that "The Man Nobody Knows" came out of Galilee to be the first great advertiser and executive—"the founder," as the final chapter heading exuberantly declared, "of modern business." If some readers here and there winced at the sacrilege or squirmed at the silliness, swearing in the Saviour as a member of the business elite met the need of a triumphant capitalism to crown success with sanctification.

Now a generation has passed and business is again outwardly triumphant. Its semi-official voice, however, is curiously muted. It speaks not of its Christian pedigree but of its rather shady past. The new theme is not how good business has always been but how great are the sins it has repented.

The acquisitive instinct is on the defensive and its main defense is that at last it has learned to coexist with social consciousness. In the foreword to *The Art of Success,* Donald K. David, former dean of the Harvard Business School, writes that American enterprise has now come to the "realization that business prosperity and social progress work effectively in double harness. . . . Those who are most proficient in the art of business success today are consciously concerned with aiding national growth." This, he believes, is wholly obvious and wholly good. But on both scores these four books, all by *Fortune* editors, raise material doubts.

Most readers will be less struck than Dean David by the new orientation of the twenty-one new businessmen profiled in *The Art of Success*—a collection of *Fortune* pieces. Few, it is true, are technically entrepreneurs. Yet their most evident common characteristic is their old-fashioned zest for handling large enterprise and large sums of money. There is little evidence that they weigh social consequences except as a limitation on doing business. The authors of these biographies accept as uncritically as their subjects the proposition implied in the title: That moral grandeur attaches to the big deal.

*THE EXECUTIVE LIFE* makes wry comment on the attitudes of the new businessmen in a far more sophisticated series of *Fortune* articles which view the art of success as a rat race. The struggle to survive in the well-adjusted corporate jungle is candidly and breezily described under such headings as How Hard Do Executives Work?, How Executives Crack Up, How to Treat Vice Presidents, How to Fire Executives, yet the book ends with a straight piece on How to Become an Executive. If there is irony in this, it is gentle enough to escape the ordinary reader. One suspects it escaped the *Fortune* editors. Grim as is their picture of men driven by the furies of ambition in a scrupulously polite but ruthless world, they do not waver from the assumption that it is all eminently worth while. Even on the doorstep of the sanitarium the executive remains a romantic figure. He is romantic, moreover, in basically the same way as the Horatio Alger heroes—or, for that matter, anybody else's heroes. He is the lone man against the system. The terms of combat, shifted to the corporation from the traditional economic wide open spaces, have changed but the prize remains the same: personal preeminence gilded with the symbols of wealth. The ingredient which would make this romance convincing is missing now, as it has always been: there is no moral goal.

Social consciousness, even when it is more than a public relations angle, does not, and cannot, make good the lack. On the contrary, as William Whyte makes brilliantly clear, the socializing of business drives creates as many moral and social problems as it solves. So far as it tames anarchic selfishness to a sense of responsibility, the new spirit leads to better things. But along the same path it works also to harness the individual to the group, bottling up the creative energies of free men.

Two thirds of *The Organization Man* is in fact a witheringly pessimistic report on the plight of the individual in the grip of the "social ethic" which Mr. Whyte defines as the "body of thought which makes morally legitimate the pressures of society" for conformity. The emphasis is on the words, "morally legitimate." Mr. Whyte does not object to conformity as such, recognizing it as a requirement of all civilized life. Nor does he object to the organization—giant corporations, group laboratories, philanthropic foundations, or even organized committee scholarship—all of which he concedes, a little too readily, may be part of the irreversible trend toward complexity in human affairs. What he finds both unnecessary and dangerous is that in the contest of conflicting interests between the individual and society we have begun to feel that society is necessarily right. Social consciousness becomes the recognition of a supposed moral imperative to adjust. The higher good is social equilibrium and the happiness of man is equanimity.

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*GORDON HARRISON, author of* The Road to the Right, *is an editorial writer on the Detroit* News.



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The pursuit of adjustment, he concludes, has not in fact brought this generation any closer to equanimity. It has only altered and in some ways intensified the struggle. Ambition still gnaws, but in the socially conscious world of adjustment one must contrive to forge ahead without offending. Human engineering has not eliminated rivalry between executives or their heirs at the office or between their wives in suburbia. It has only added to the natural striving an unnatural burden of guilt. In the effort, moreover, to suppress eccentrics, non-conformists and revolutionaries into a mass of other-directed mediocrity, society indulges a kind of death wish, damming up the genius which alone can renew its own vitality. More importantly, the insistence that individuals adjust to serve the group threatens to downgrade persons from spiritual entities to dependent members to be respected only as they function on the team. Though Mr. Whyte does not pursue the political implications, the trend clearly leads away from the proposition of democracy that the individual is the final value, and so facilitates acceptance of statism in any of its various forms.

Both as cause and consequence of group-worship, Mr. Whyte traces the growth of scientism, by which he means the delusion that the techniques worked out for the management of inanimate nature can be applied to human relations once the proper formulae are discovered. Actually, as Daniel Bell observes in his little essay on *Work and Its Discontents,* scientism is deep-rooted in the machine age, and particularly in America which made a cult of efficiency long before it discovered pseudo-scientific tools to streamline human beings. The pioneer efficiency experts, however, have long since yielded to more sophisticated personnel men who still want to rationalize the chaotic human animal, but who now would do it for his own good. Characteristically, the new dogmas of human engineering aim at eliminating conflict by substituting "scientific" formulae for fallible—and still worse, debatable—individual judgment. Alcoa, for instance, has worked out mathematical equations to determine wage scales without the exercise of discretion, thus (the company boasts) "resolving day-to-day wage problems rationally and without dispute."

New scientism reaches far beyond old concepts of work efficiency. It seeks an all-embracing social and metaphysical system that will make the human operations of a corporation at least as frictionless as those of its machines. Its ultimate object is the creation of hierarchies of social systems functioning by the arts of manipulation and comprising people rubbed smooth of all idiosyncracies and joying in perfect anonymity.

Both Mr. Whyte and Mr. Bell may considerably exaggerate the extent to which compulsive automatism threatens to take us over. One major reason why the ends and organization of the system are so little questioned is that the system seems to prosper. The younger organization man, as Mr. Whyte observes, has known only the beneficence of a society smoothly geared to prosperity, to a gentle paternalism, to the secure pattern of pensions and steady advancement, to the social anodynes and effortless, if sometimes oppressive, comradérie of housing developments. The older man may wish to see in this pattern the achievement of stability which hitherto has escaped him. He may comfort himself, moreover, with the thought that the price is not too high so long as there is still room at the top for the captains and princes to war for power. Books like *The Art of Success* notably aim at keeping fresh before the organization man's eyes the old path to the stars through hard work and "big thinking." Until, and unless, the system again falters, it is hard to tell how much of the social ethic is new faith and how much mere expedient surrender.

The *Fortune* editors, on the other hand, do not exaggerate—in fact, they do not critically examine at all—the extent to which business ethics continue to dominate our society. Mr. Whyte is concerned lest the bureaucrat overrun the rugged individualist and consequently urges the latter to strike back. But the moral issue may not lie in this opposition at all. If the scientist is a prisoner in bureaucratic laboratories, is it not because he has first of all been captured by the lures of materialism? If colleges sell their liberal birthrights for a mess of trade school courses, is it not because they have forgotten that there are other standards of utility besides getting ahead? Young men seeking security today seem morally no different from their grandfathers who sought wealth. Each in pursuit of material ends went after the main prize that his system offered. If the bureaucrat threatens to wreck the system, no doubt he will be replaced. But the

## Godspeed

*Merchant and scholar who have left me*
*blood*
*That has not passed through any*
*huckster's loin . . .*

W. B. Yeats

Huckster's loin? Butcher, peddlar,
their god and kingdom jogged among pans
in the hump on their backs. No poets,
no prophets, no hard-fighting men.

Canaan enough, the curded milk-
and-honey of their mouths, the groin's
leaping houses, speech deep draught
against drought. Huckster loins

indeed and every weakness flesh
is heir to, whatever idolatry this seed
gropes out, industrious, to survive.
But though no statesman heeded

my forefathers, nameless at best,
I am not dismayed. Several were wily,
calloused fingers subtle in the pockets
of the world and clutching willy-

nilly, with the gripe of Jacob
for his angel, the slippery scruff
of living—call it God. Beguiled by hope
not long, they eked out covenants

catch-as-catch-can, and no more
binding than the sky, with desert and sky,
took persecution as the rocky base
to the pleasures of their day.

And when their sweat mortised
the pyramids—straw cribbing stars,
between life and death the jumbled bones
composed the imperial corridor . . .

no sport of royalty I, no blue-
lit, blue-bled shade, but speckled
ancestors suppling me in the spring-tide
of the loins, a spawning Israel.

T. WEISS



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salvation of the individual lies not there but in the escape from the mold of the business ethic altogether into a society that encourages variety, respecting the individual not because he may be able to make more money but just because he has a soul.

# Don Kenneth and the Racket

*NEW AND SELECTED POEMS.* By Kenneth Fearing. Indiana University Press. $3.95.

***By M. L. Rosenthal***

I don't think a poet can be much more American, in the psychological if not the Fourth-of-July sense, than Kenneth Fearing. He talks the lingo straight, simple, and sardonic and knows the native panic at being lost in the shuffle which has created it:

> With who the hell are you at the corner of his casket, and where the hell're we going on the right-hand silver knob, and who the hell cares walking second from the end with an American Beauty wreath from why the hell not....

One would expect his work to be popular as the plays of Odets and Miller have been popular, if anyone ever opened a book of poems voluntarily. He too writes of the success-dream and the shock of meeting oneself face to face at the end of it. "What does it mean," he asks in "Twentieth-Century Blues," "when the get-away money burns in dollars big as moons, but where is there *to go that's just exactly right?*" And he is like Hemingway and Fitzgerald in expressing the great national nostalgia for irrecoverable moments of passion ("You will remember the kisses, real or imagined") and of communication:

> Is there still any shadow there, on the rainwet window of the coffee pot,
> Between the haberdasher's and the pinball arcade,
> There, where we stood one night in the warm, fine rain, and smoked and laughed and talked....

The range of his humor is that of a great mimic and clown. The reverse *morbidezza* of "Thirteen O'Clock," in which ghosts tremble at the grisly thought of living creatures, is pure comedy. The affectations of critics are amiably crucified in "Art Review":

> Recently displayed at the Times Square Station, a new Vandyke on the face-cream girl.
> (Artist unknown. Has promise, but lacks the brilliance of the great masters of the Elevated age.)

"Cultural Notes" is marvelously boisterous buffoonery, but it does have its sting:

> "O Beauty," she said,
> "Take your fingers off my throat, take your elbow out of my eye,
> Take your sorrow off my sorrow,
> Take your hat, take your gloves, take your feet down off the table,
> Take your beauty off my beauty, and go."

But clowns do not *look* gay, and by well-founded tradition do not feel so either. Some of Fearing's most hilarious effects are at the same time painful views of the human condition. "Love, 20c the First Quarter Mile" is a dramatic monologue which, though weak with laughter, gives a picture of genuine anguish. The absurd, sub-articulate dialogue of "How Do I Feel" exposes the uneradicable residue of distrust between person and person, as "Yes, the Agency Can Handle That" does the apparently irreversible bargain-packaging of literature for the market. The latter poem, like many of Fearing's, hardens into dismayed realization of waste and pointlessness, of lost possibilities unsalvagable by the most savage yearning for their return.

THIS realization is Fearing's firing-line. Here he takes his stand as a serious poet. It is the romantic realization that loss is implicit in life, that even in fulfillment the present instant is already becoming the past and losing its reality except in skeptical memory. It is the terrible hunch that there is nothing to the reality anyway, a hunch stated in all its naked desolation in the early "Green Light" and fought, but never quite to a standstill, in poem after poem. It is interesting that Fearing's most ringing poem of "social" affirmation in the Thirties—his "Denouement" —begins with a demand for an end to this fear of meaninglessness:

> Sky, be blue, and more than blue; wind, be flesh and blood; flesh and blood, be deathless . . .

"Denouement" closes in a crescendo of political imagery, but the real issue is stated in its second section:

> You, whose ways were yours alone, you, the one like no one else, what have you done with the hour you swore to remember, where is the hour, the day, the achievement that would never die?

The Depression poems of protest, and those which cried out so desperately against the coming of war and the rise of Hitler and Mussolini, were never merely tendentious. Their wit was too original, and they were always true to a deeper concern for the individual's fate amidst the soul-swamping impersonality of the new orders of destiny: "nothing left to chance, no hysteria and above all, no sentiment." As for the victims (almost everyone), their choice is not usually presented as activistically as in "Denouement." Generally they are seen as helpless, anxious, passive:

> If the doorbell rings, and we think we were followed here; or if the bell should ring but we are not sure—
> How can we decide?

In Fearing's writing, the "enemy" gradually becomes the Mob, official and unofficial, that thrives on the regimentation of individual thought and feeling through ever-greater control of the avenues of communication. Its triumph, he says, is being brought about by "the revolution that calls itself the Investigation." Fearing's cocky introductory essay, "Reading, Writing, and the Rackets," defines this revolution, commenting pointedly on its heavy employment of the "True Confession Story" as the literary form best calculated to stifle free expression and on the parallel rise of the Investigators and of television in recent years. Ultimately, we are dealing with a racket, non-political and amoral, which cherishes secrecy and destroys genuine communication because there are money and power in so doing. The Mob operates in the same way everywhere, the same types in all countries employing the Investigation and the mechanical media of information for the same ends; the system proliferates, is perhaps too pervasive for individuals to handle. In "A Tribute, and a Nightmare," the poet's symbol for this system, which is now man's fate, is "the changeless and eternal Martin Dies"—

> Will the world be grim, inhabited by wolves with long, sharp teeth?
> It will not go unchampioned. See Martin Dies, President of the Anti-Grandma League. . . .
> In heaven: Martin Dies, Chairman of the Membership Committee,
> In hell: Martin Dies, President of United Coke and Coal.

The most recent of the poems printed here, the four "Family Album" poems, deal directly with the wrecking of integrity, intellect and morale by the mob —"God's public relations." In this se-

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*M. L. ROSENTHAL is poetry editor of* The Nation.



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quence the Investigation has triumphed, and its early true-confessors are now looked upon as "the pioneers" and "martyrs" of the new order, who "lived with dangers they alone could see" and "freed that raw, mid-century chaos of little empires from the pestilence of false thought." Like so much else in this book, these poems, with their mock-nostalgia, are very sad and very funny. Fearing is an original, a canny Quixote and—more to the point—a kind of melancholy Jacques of the age, whose writing has often a topical surface that belies its depths of wry compassion and its stylistic purity. Edward Dahlberg once compared him with Corbière, and the comparison was apt. But there are also American comparisons: He is one of the harder-bitten sons of Walt Whitman, a more mordant Masters or Sandburg, a poetic Lardner of wider scope. Let us hope that tough humorous voice of his will continue to be heard for a long time to come; we shall never have another quite like it again.

# The Road of Revolution

*THE GREAT ROAD*: The Life and Times of Chu Teh. By Agnes Smedley. Monthly Review Press. $6.75.

***By O. Edmund Clubb***

GENERAL Douglas MacArthur told newsman Bert Andrews in 1944 that Europe was a dying system, and that the history of the world would be written in the Pacific "for the next ten thousand years." Various political phenomena of the post-war era suggest that he may prove a true prophet.

In China a cataclysmic overturning of the old order of things began with the Taiping Rebellion of 1851-64. *The Great Road* is about the Chinese rebel who, as commander-in-chief, led the Chinese Communist armies to victory over our friends the Nationalists. In the climate of our antagonism to China, it can win no official plaudits. Even so, it fully deserves reading by all interested in gaining insight into one of the great social metamorphoses of human history —the Chinese Revolution.

General Chu Teh told his life story to the American newspaperwoman, Agnes Smedley. Yet this is not an official biography, as see the publishers' caveat: "Chu Teh himself provided most of the data for the events up to 1937, but the narrative, comments and interpretation are Agnes Smedley's and Agnes Smedley's alone." The writer's design was obviously to fit the Chu Teh story into the overall pattern of the Chinese Revolution. She was denied full opportunity to achieve her purpose. She began her interviews with Chu Teh in March 1937, but the Sino-Japanese War broke out in July of that year and made its inexorable demands upon the Chinese leader—and upon the author, who threw herself into medical-relief work. When Agnes Smedley died in 1950, her work remained in unfinished draft.

This book thus has technical shortcomings by which, it is clear from her previous works, the writer is not justly to be judged. The narrative in places lacks smoothness; there is a big gap, representing manuscript presumed lost, for the critical civil-war period 1931-36; and the post-1937 part of the story is ragged and badly proportioned. But the imperfections are far outweighed by the intrinsic interest of the tale here told.

For Chu Teh speaks with a rare authority. He grew up with the revolutionary movement that started at the end of the nineteenth Century, and became an integral part of it. He was a member of Sun Yat-sen's secret political society, the Tung Meng Hui, when the Chinese Revolution of 1911 occurred; he joined the Tung Meng Hui's successor organization, the Koumintang (Nationalist Party), when it was formed in 1912. As a military officer under the famed revolutionary Tsai Ao, he participated in the action to prevent restoration of the monarchy in 1916. He was plunged into warlordism that afflicted China after 1916. Then, while studying in Germany in 1922-26, Chu Teh joined the Chinese Communist Party—still retaining his Kuomintang membership.

It is after the 1927 split of the Kuomintang-Communist coalition that the story takes on its grimmest aspects. Chu Teh himself played a major role in the Nanchang uprising that signalled the start of the long bloody armed struggle between Nationalists and Communists that was to end finally in 1949. Critical episodes of that bitter history are here told again by a participant: the defeats after Nanchang; the subsequent joining of forces by Mao Tse-tung and Chu Teh, and the establishment of a political base in Southeast China; the abandonment of that base in 1934, and the epic "Long March" that ended, 6,000 miles and two years later, with the Communist armies re-grouped deep in China's Northwest.

The advent of the Sino-Japanese War and establishment of a new Nationalist-Communist coalition opened another chapter in China's history. Agnes Smedley's account of China's war for national survival is not without its interest, but she was out of direct contact with China as well as Chu Teh after 1941, and this section is cursory and unpolished. Her book ends when, the foreign foe defeated, the contending Chinese factions resumed their civil war in 1946. Chu Teh was to reach the end of his Great Road by defeating the Nationalist armies in 1949.

The story of the Chinese Revolution that was a hundred years in the making will be long in the full telling. Agnes Smedley's biography of Chu Teh, incorporating as it does that revolutionary leader's partisan version of the history of his times, is of first-rank importance for a fuller understanding of the process that brought the Chinese Communists to power in Peking. And the Chinese Revolution calls for a profound comprehension by the United States. For, as remarked by William H. Seward, who became United States Secretary of State as the Taiping Rebellion was subsiding, "all the world knows that revolutions never go backward." The Chinese Revolution, too, goes forward—to challenge us in the West Pacific.

*O. EDMUND CLUBB spent twenty years in the Far East as a U. S. Foreign Service officer.*

# THEATRE and FILMS

## *Robert Hatch*

A GOOD DEAL of fun can be had at Sean O'Casey's *Purple Dust* (Cherry Lane Theatre) if too great demands are not made of the occasion. What you must not demand are substance from the playwright or a high polish from the company. O'Casey's celebrated nationalism takes the form this time of broadest farce, "elevated" at intervals of about twenty minutes by salvoes of pyrotechnic lyricism, just to remind the audience that the old man owns finer tools than the slapstick. He has set a couple of bally English antiquarians down in a howling bog-bound wilderness, where the sly but proud natives steal them blind, even walking off in the end with their Irish light o'loves. I don't quite see the stalwart sons of Eire being content to make honest women of their landlords' doxies, but if O'Casey thought it a good joke, I'm ready to laugh. Certainly he



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can write funny lines and the play dances —though pretty much on one spot.

Philip Burton, the director, has failed to convince the cast that farce is funnier when it is played straight. This production is altogether too cluttered with comic attitudes (to say nothing of comic get-ups) and every actor seems to have a relative in the audience. The company displays a dismaying variety of stage Irish accents and, except for Alvin Epstein in the role of a romantic house builder, it has trouble shifting pace from the buffoonery to the poetry. It is, in a word, a less than polished group, but nonetheless ingratiating and enthusiastically occupied in batting out a bit of very skilful nonsense.

LOOKING and sounding very much like Jack Webb, José Ferrer in *The Great Man* conducts a tough-mouthed exposé of the cynicism, fraud, lechery and meanness that made up the personality of a just-dead headliner of radio (nowadays it would be television). Ferrer wrote the script—with Al Morgan, author of the original novel—and directed the production in which he stars.

It is sad but true that a man may be an artist in public and a pig in private; the inconsistency makes good gossip but has little bearing on the quality of his work. In broadcasting, though, the situation is a little different. Perhaps for the first time in the history of entertainment, people of no discernible talent have become national heroes; they are adored, not for what they can do, but for what they are, and it never seems to occur to the public that the honest, modest, loving, generous, slightly stupid salesman of detergents and cereals may be as thorough a creation as Chaplin's tramp.

If the great man is really a bum, the people around him come to feel that they are hypocrites and his audience a pack of fools. They talk in snappy clichés, manufacture the truth in publicity pools, cut one another's throats (having always before them an eminent example of the successful knife). Behind the smiling soap flakes is a boozy, poisonous world of schizophrenia.

It makes a strong story and perhaps it is useful to warn the "market" that, just as a tape recording can be edited out of all original context, a personality can be cut and pasted to sell a product —or a president, a social program, a system of values.

Ferrer handles his central role of gossip reporter and heir to the great man's legions with a studied impassivity that becomes a little hammy. Keenan Wynn is savage and hail-fellow-nasty as a talent manager; Dean Jagger plays the priest-like tycoon, worshipping at the altar of what works, that is one of Hollywood's more interesting stereotypes. Ed Wynn, emerging miraculously out of theatre history, plays a decent little fellow and overpowers the sentimentality implicit in the part by a quality of stage craft the movies seldom offer.

At the end, the picture forsakes its own ruthlessness. The hero goes on the air to read a treacly coast-to-coast "memorial" to the great man. But the words stick in his throat, he throws away the script and begins to tell the real story. The network president, listening in a studio suite, stops the attempt to cut him off the air—saying that sincerity may be the great new gimmick. And so it proved to be, though not quite in the way he meant it. This twist ending (the novel left the issue unresolved) is dramatically effective, but also looks a little as though Ferrer and Morgan hesitated to drive their lance really deep into the broadcasting dragon. They want to "leave us with the thought" that if our own particular great man were really a monstrous sham, some honest fellow would spill the beans. Maybe so—but no one has done it yet.

THE Stratford, Ontario, Festival *Oedipus Rex* now being shown here is not a movie, but the photograph of a stage performance. And the performance is not a play, but—as explained by one of the cast in a prologue—a sacred ritual. All the action takes place on a platform stage and all the actors wear masks and statuesque garments. The result is a long way from the genius of the movie camera and it is remarkable that an experiment so radical succeeds as well as it does. Or perhaps it is evidence that Sophocles' tragedy (here in the beautiful and powerful Yeats translation) will seize the observer under the most unlikely circumstances.

Tyrone Guthrie's decision to mount the play as impersonally as possible (almost as though he were using Craig's *Uber-Marionettes*) is an attempt to cloak *Oedipus* in a timeless grandeur which it has in any case. He succeeds in filling the audience with a feeling of awe, but he effectively destroys the mortal love, pity and nobility that is the other face of this great work. Perhaps Guthrie felt that he could not show both aspects with the company at his command and settled thus for pomp. But it can still be done today: the Greek National Theatre did it in an unforgettable repertory season of a few years ago.

And Guthrie seems to have known that he was sacrificing a good deal, for he tries to offset the coldness of the masks with the hottest diction that has been heard on stage or screen for many years. The cast rolls its rhetoric; it intones, sobs, keens, snarls, whispers and screams until you would think you were in an elocution class for hysterics. In camera close-ups the human mouths can be seen writhing within the impassive masks; a spectacle of abstract ritual is played to the sound of immediate agony. It is probable that the director sought in this way to achieve a stunning counterpoint, but the effect is a disturbing incongruity. The players are neither puppets nor actors, neither gods nor men. And the cameras, fussing about in the cramped space, fail to give the play a line: the principals do not assume positions related one to another and the chorus is more a heap than a mass. The picture is a valuable record of a valid experiment in staging the Greek classics.

# TELEVISION

## *Anne W. Langman*

"I AM patient," wrote Beethoven on his deathbed, "and I think that all misfortune brings some blessing with it." He could hardly have known that one blessing, in the prevailing misfortune of TV, would be his *Fidelio*. The majesty of his only opera, performed at the reopening of the Vienna Opera House, gave us patient viewers some magnificent moments in last week's *Call to Freedom*, latest in Henry Salomon's "Project 20" series on NBC. The theme of the opera —tyranny, captivity and ultimate freedom—was also the theme of the program. It told the story of Austria from the days of imperial splendor, through Nazi slavedom, to its rebirth as a free and independent nation some eighteen months ago. Filmed enactments of Napoleonic and Hapsburg days, film clips of the Anschluss terror and ensuing tragedy, shots of flower-filled fields, storm clouds, mountains, trees were interwoven with selected scenes from *Fidelio*. Other Beethoven music, scored for the occasion by Robert Russell Bennett, was heard throughout, sometimes alone, sometimes under narration written by producer Salomon with Richard Hanser and Philip Reisman, Jr.

Until now, Salomon has held to his film-clip-plus-narration formula. Previous "Project 20" programs have been skilfully put together and have had some



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good things in them: the musical score of *The Jazz Age* was a nostalgic delight, the poetic narrative of last year's *The Twisted Cross* very moving, the films used in *The Great War* were unusual and interesting. But by and large I found that these historical treatises lacked imagination. They were too dogged in their determination to tell about the 20th century, the sequences were too predictable. Watching *The Jazz Age,* I knew that Al Capone would come after the rumrunners, Lucky Lindy circling Le Bourget was inevitable after Americans whooping it up in Paris, thence to the ticker tape and you-know-what crash. Salomon was wise to look for a new format for *Call to Freedom,* and Beethoven's parable of the unending human struggle for freedom and justice seemed like a natural.

I think it missed, because of the inequality of the elements that went into it. It is impossible to relate film of extras marching around in Napoleon-style tricorns, or dressed in Royal robes at a Hapsburg marriage in St. Stephan's Cathedral (when the narrator, in a convoluted sentence, says ". . . . the countries and the peoples of the Danube are united by a quartet who join in a double marriage from which is to grow one of the great empires of the world.") to the spirituality of Leonora's magnificent plea for compassion, or her deeply moving "Namenlose Freude" duet with Florestan—"Oh, joy beyond expression, when heart meets heart again." The film that came closest to bearing up under such comparison was the simplest: the opera house being restored by careful artisans, the signing of the Austrian Independence Treaty, prisoners of war returning to loving arms and wet cheeks. "Timidity will get you nowhere," says producer Salomon. He used narration which, although it called freely on poets Spender and Shelley, only revealed further the gulf between trivia and genius. I found myself waiting for more opera, impatient with the heavy-handed reconstruction in between. Perhaps timidity is not a useful quality to a TV producer, but a bit of humility might be.

ON A quite different subject, two other producers have experimented with combining techniques to tell a story. Frank Capra's *Our Mr. Sun,* which was presented by CBS in November, and Walt Disney's *Our Friend the Atom,* which will be on ABC this week, both tackle atomic energy and both succeed with a happy combination of cartoons, live action film and a "story line" that serves to clarify the subject. When I saw a preview of Disney's program, I was made less uncomfortable at the thought of claiming the atom as my friend, than I was at being thus involved with Mr. Sun. Viewers will remember the cartoon characters of Mr. Sun and Father Time who tossed scientific facts about atomic energy back and forth with Eddie Albert and Frank Baxter, Thermo the Magician who made thermonuclear reaction understandable, and Chloro Phyll who did the same for photo-synthesis in plants.

But where Capra's program was superbly elaborate, Disney's—perhaps profiting from that example—is simple, almost crudely simple. Rather than create an entire cartoon personality to describe nuclear fission, Disney uses mouse traps which balance two ping-pong balls apiece. The sight of hundreds of ping-pong balls setting one another into violent motion is a never-to-be-forgotten lesson in the new universe of atomic energy. Disney uses an Arabian Nights fable—"The Fisherman and the Genie"—as a frame: man, the fisherman, nets a tiny vessel, the atom, in the sea of the unknown. The mighty genie that comes forth is tricked into submission and promises man three wishes, instead of menacing death. And with this simple parable, the history of atomic science, the explanation of atomic energy and its peaceful uses unfold. "So far the atom is a superb villain," writes Dr. Heinz Haber, Disney science consultant, "its power of destruction is foremost in our minds. But the same power can be put to use for creation. . . . If we use atomic energy wisely, we can make a hero out of the villain."

Disney has done the most difficult thing in all communication; he has extracted the very essence of a complicated subject, the barest skeleton of an idea. He chose methods to present it which matched this simplification. His cartoons are simple; Dr. Haber, the narrator, speaks simply, and the old fairy tale is hardly a subtle statement. No one element in *Our Friend the Atom* outweighs another; all are carefully designed to match one another in effectiveness. I found it easier to learn from the Disney approach than from the frillier Capra product; for Capra was tempted, as Salomon was, to cloak what he was trying to reveal.

## TELEVISION NEXT WEEK

**January 20 through 26**

(See local papers for time and channel)

**Sunday, January 20**

WORLD NEWS ROUND-UP (CBS). Direct voice reports and special newsfilms from a global staff anchored by Eric Sevareid in New York. Last week's premiere promises an important addition to TV news.

THE LAST WORD (CBS). A new series on words, made into a game of wits by host Dr. Bergan Evans. John Mason Brown and two guests are the panel of this literate show.

**Monday, January 21**

INAUGURAL DAY (All networks; TV and radio). Pre-Inauguration ceremonies; motorcade from White House to Capitol; administration of Presidential oath; Inaugural Address; President's Parade, and Inaugural Balls. Four to five hours of coverage.

**Tuesday, January 22**

THE MURDER OF A COUNTRY (NBC; Armstrong Circle Theatre). Drama of three Hungarians—a student, a soldier, a woman—and the forces that unite them.

BLIND DROP: WARSAW (ABC; Conflict). More drama based on events in Central Europe: a weekend of terror


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**Thursday, January 24**

THE STAR-WAGON (CBS; Playhouse 90). Adaptation of Maxwell Anderson's time fantasy. Diana Lynn and Eddie Bracken with Billie Burke, Jackie Coogan and others.

## Radio

**Saturday, January 26**

DAS RHEINGOLD (ABC). First of The Ring cycle, which will be followed on succeeding Saturdays by *Die Walkure, Siegfried, Die Gotterdamerung.* Blanche Thebom, Jean Madeira, Ramon Vinay, Otto Edelmann, in this week's Metropolitan cast.

# MUSIC

## *B. H. Haggin*

THE Vienna Philharmonic began its recent concert under André Cluytens' direction in Carnegie Hall with a performance of the Haydn Symphony No. 96 that I had heard the New York Philharmonic play under Paray a few weeks earlier; and I was surprised by the lustreless sound of the Vienna orchestra as against the bright sound of the New Yorkers. Surprised, because one outstanding characteristic of the Vienna Philharmonic when I heard it in 1928 and 1929, and again in 1937, was the richly luminous sonority of its strings; and it was the strings that now were lustreless. With a few additional players and with the different scoring there was a little more radiance in Brahms's Fourth Symphony and Strauss's *Death and Transfiguration,* but still nothing like the dazzling brilliance I had heard in the New York Philharmonic's performance of Debussy's *La Mer* a few weeks earlier.

What was outstanding about the Vienna orchestra at this concert was refinement and sensitiveness—in the execution and phrasing of the strings, the horns, the other brass; in the ensemble operation and blended sonority of the entire orchestra. These are things that are achieved only by excellent players and musicians who have worked together long and well; and they demonstrated the group's right to be considered one of the great orchestras of Europe.

Refinement and sensitiveness were also the characteristics of Cluytens' treatment of the Haydn symphony, which I found less effective than the more robust performance of Paray with the New York Philharmonic. The Strauss tone poem also would have gained by greater breadth and weight; however the performance was an acceptable statement of the work. But the performance of the Brahms Fourth I found unsatisfying: with the constant changes of pace there were breaks in continuity of momentum, and the finale did not have the special effect of the passacaglia form—the cumulative impact that is built up by maintaining the tempo of the initial statement of the theme inexorably throughout the succession of variations, as Brahms directs.

OF VERDI'S *Falstaff* there has been until now, in addition to the RCA Victor recording processed from Toscanini's 1950 broadcast, only the Cetra recording of a performance which is made unsatisfying by tempos that are now too fast, now too slow, by Taddei's vocal affectations and extravagances and by the unpleasant voices of the Nanetta and Fenton. But now Angel 3552 offers a performance conducted by von Karajan in which the tempos are, with one exception, right, effective and coherent, the movement is dazzling swift and light, the ensembles are airy and clear, the vocal parts are sung flawlessly by Gobbi, Panerai, Alva, Schwarzkopf, Merriman, Barbieri and Moffo, and the orchestral part is played beautifully by the London Philharmonia. It is a performance which takes a position of equality beside Toscanini's, with differences that are points of superiority now for one, now for the other.

This is true, for one thing, of the singing. Certain of the opera specialists have reported that to their ears the Victor singers, with the exception of Elmo, betray their inexperience in their parts and their terror of Toscanini in singing in which they manage only to produce the notes without expressiveness; but listening to the performance again after a couple of years I have been amazed by the beautiful and expressive singing that Valdengo does with a voice that is more richly resonant and more varied in color than Gobbi's, and by the fine singing of Guarrera, Nelli, Merriman and Stich-Randall. If Schwarzkopf's and Moffo's voices are lovelier than Nelli's and Stich-Randall's, Elmo's singing is steadier and dramatically more effective than Barbieri's. But Victor has one poor singer—Madasi; whereas Angel has none.

For the rest, the rightness of Toscanini's pacing exhibits no such exception as von Karajan's excessively deliberate tempo for the second-act ensemble beginning with Ford's *"Se t'aguanto!"* Also, the NBS Symphony plays with more brilliance and power than the Philharmonia; but on the other hand the enormous effort that Toscanini put into achieving delicacy and clarity in the studio was nullified by the NBC engineers: vocal parts which in the studio were *p* and *pp* come off the record as *f*; texture is not clear in the vocal ensembles; and the voices blanket the orchestra. In the Angel performance *p* and *pp* come off the record as *p* and *pp*, and the vocal ensembles with marvelous clarity; but the orchestra, unexpectedly, is blanketed by the voices even more than in the Victor performance. The Angel recorded sound is more beautiful and spacious than the Victor; but the latter is surprisingly resonant and agreeable for sound from a Studio 8H filled with an audience.

I think most listeners would be happy with the unflawed singing and the better reproduction of the Angel performance; but I am one of those who would choose the Victor, even with the one poor singer and the defective reproduction, for the characteristics in which one hears the operation of Toscanini's unique powers.


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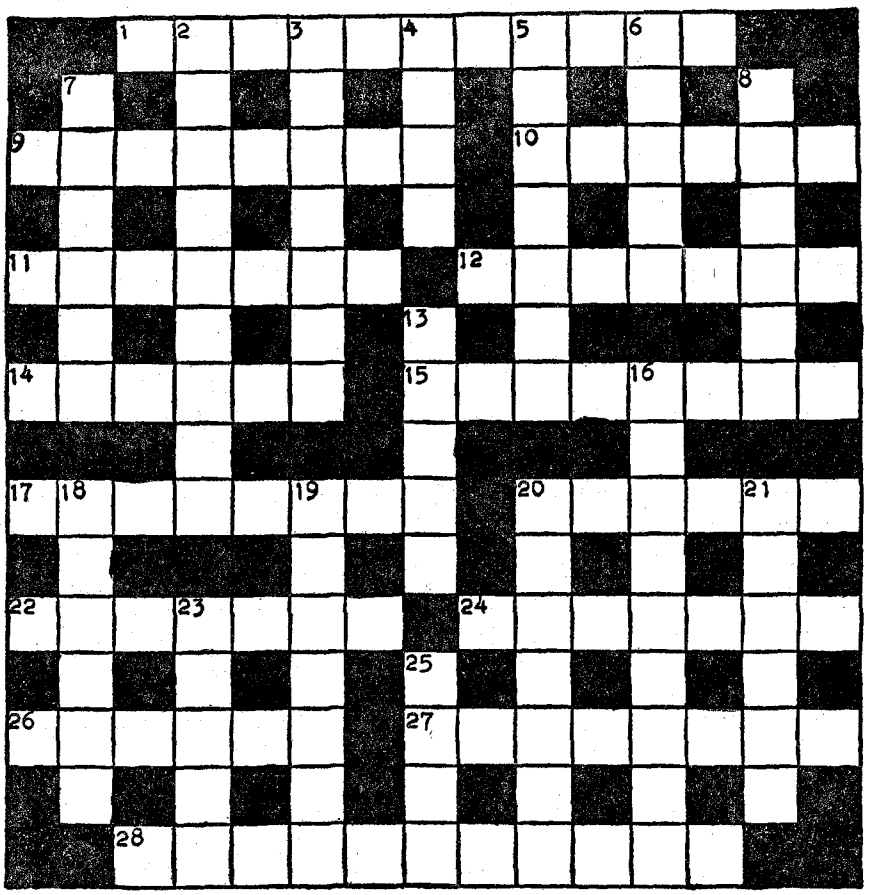
# Crossword Puzzle No. 707

## By FRANK W. LEWIS



### ACROSS:

1 See 20 down
9 The part of the relay where the gun, perhaps, has a true explosion. (8)
10 What a dervish might do. (6)
11 Expedient. (Ian might give him a party.) (7)
12 Shut up! It's about the last word in hanging! (7)
14 Soon, if it won't this! (One should, to the human race.) (6)
15 and 28 Hardly the attribute of deviationists! (19)
17 Renounced. (8)
20 Changing of position and one might be on the floor. (6)
22 Where the arty type might be somewhat less than studious. (7)
24 Might be at one, if all together. (7)
26 To stamp out drink? (6)
27 Gushing with oil? (8)
28 See 15 across

### DOWN:

2 Improperly cut out of 27, with a main correction instead, to make it consentient. (9)
3 Stopping father when he gets 13? (7)
4 Christmas could be an extremely short 14. (4)
5 An object of dread to carry under an insect. (7)
6 First-rate color, but displayed ostentatiously. (5)
7 A rectangular rabbet. (6)
8 The scent of "Lost Enchantment"? (6)
13 What are employers doing nowadays? (5)
16 Contrives a sort of tire with the components of 13. (9)
18 Light study. (6)
19 One should be practically skillful with this. (4-3)
20 and 1 across But this seed isn't related to hops. (However it's bound to be wormy.) (7, 7, 4)
21 Are such players out, rather than safe at home? (2, 4)
23 Shall I tell you what this is, briefly? Do. (5)
25 The rough pronunciation of Aaron? (4)

### SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 706

Across: 10 LIONESS; 12 NEEDS; 13, 1 across and 8 THINGS ARE TOUGH ALL OVER; 14 REACH; 15 UNISON; 17 BEVEL; 22 and 21 down DEVIL-MAY-CARE; 23 ASTRAL; 24 SATIN; 26 and 16 down LETTER OPENER; 28 JASON; 29 ICTERUS; 30 INACTIVE; 31 PROMOTE; 32 PRESENTS. Down: 1 ARGONAUT 2 ESOTERIC; 3 OATHS; 4 GAMETE; 5 and 9 across ALL IN GOOD TIME; 6 COUNSEL; 7 SEASICK; 10 LIVED; 11 OGRESS; 18 MINTS; 19 PRUSSIAN; 20 PLUNGERS; 22 DILEMMA; 25 KRONER; 27 TUFTS; 28 JACKS.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